

The Critic

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THE CRITIC CO.

Poe not to be Apotheosized.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It pained me to read in your issue in a review of Vol. XIX. of 'The Encyclopedia Britannica,' an unqualified endorsement of the laudatory estimate placed by the Britannica on the moral character of Edgar A. Poe, knowing as I do that estimate to be signally one-sided and false. These are THE CRITIC's words: 'It is gratifying to find Prof. Minto outspoken as regards the cruel exaggerations and downright lies foisted on the world for many years as facts in the life of Edgar Allan Poe.'

Turning to the monograph in the 'Britannica,' I find it to be an impassioned exculpation of Poe from every aspersion which has ever been cast on his character, and an embittered denunciation of every biographer who has accused him of degrading habits. And the impression is deliberately left on the mind of the reader, that—excepting in his later years, when, with 'the wolf at the door and his affections on the rack,' he sometimes had recourse to dangerous stimulants (a very pardonable thing under such conditions, we are led to infer)—he was a model of purity, industry and truth. This is an utter and a disgraceful misrepresentation of him, as every one knows who was familiar with his habits, or in a position to obtain an accurate knowledge of them. It is disgraceful, not simply because it is untrue—a sufficient disgrace in a work of such magnitude and pretension as the 'Britannica,'—but because it is accompanied by a studious effort to brand the writers who have set forth the honest truth about Poe as a band of conspirators, consciously devoted to the task of damaging his fair and honorable reputation. If Prof. Minto puts faith in the old Latin adage, 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum,' and therefore was disposed to quarrel with those who had thus told the truth, he should have contented himself with assailing their disregard of what he holds to be a hallowed principle; if he recoiled with indignation from memoirs saturated with malignity—as Dr. Griswold's, perhaps, must be admitted to be—he should have discriminated carefully between the temper and the facts; when he attempts to acquit his idol by a total subversion of the truth, no language is too harsh to stigmatize the wrong.

For another and a stronger reason I take exception to Prof. Minto's monograph. I have had a great deal to do with the education of youth, and have learned to watch their moral exposure with anxious solicitude. One of the

most insidious temptations of this class, which besets them at the present time, arises out of the tendency of public opinion in our country to make the culture of the intellect paramount to the activity of the moral sense as the safeguard of our free institutions; and such a deification of genius irrespective of its persistent treachery to virtue as the one in question, is a fearful lurch in the same direction. It is an open lesson to our youth that the exhibition of lofty powers in the walks of literature will condone the unbridled revel of the passions in sensual indulgence. I denounce it, therefore, as a treatment of departed greatness which is pregnant with incalculable harm.

I am aware that I have freely accused Prof. Minto, in apparent disregard of both logic and justice, as though he had been fully convicted of misrepresentation. To my mind he has been virtually thus convicted. I am willing to concede only so much as this—that he may not be conscious of the wrong which he has done to truth and history. When he prepared his memoir he may have derived his data from deceptive sources, or been blinded by pre-existing prejudice. But even this apology will not rescue him from the pressure of my charge. For, in the preparation of an article for such a work as the 'Britannica,' a sin of omission is as culpable as one of commission. He had no business to give the rein to prejudice, and it was his special business to gather in his testimony, with scrupulous fidelity, from trustworthy sources. Such testimony could have been had in plenty for the seeking. In the first place it is an unheard-of thing, that a man whose reputation for sensual excesses was notorious during many years of his life and up to the period of his death, attaching to him in every community in which he lived, and even in the circles of indulgent friends, should be imagined by any judicial mind to be the helpless victim of slanderous misconceptions and wholly above reproach. The old adage holds good, 'Where there is a deal of smoke there is sure to be some fire.' No doubt many discreditable things were said of him which were not true; but they were growths from the seed which he himself had planted, and this, had Prof. Minto sought the truth with a candid mind, he could readily have verified. He should have started in his investigations with admitting to himself the antecedent probability that he would discover dark threads running through the warp and woof of Poe's checkered career. At the time of Poe's death, and for some years afterward, while his moral lapses were fresh in the minds of numberless contemporaries, few who took public notice of him were so rash as to assert his innocence; and in subsequent years memoirs of him were written, that were satisfactory in every particular, by those who either knew him well or had received their impressions from his associates, and who weighed his character with judicial impartiality. These memoirs are dispassionate and charitable, but they tell the truth; and to them and to the representations of Poe's unbiassed acquaintances who still survive and might have been consulted, Prof. Minto should have deferred, to some extent at least; but he has chosen to denounce them all, and to pin his faith on Ingram, whose life of Poe is one of the most contemptible pieces of prejudiced whitewash that was ever palmed on the public under the name of biography. I have been governed in what I have written by a sense of duty. I am indignant that so false a story as the 'Britannica's' sketch of Poe should go down to posterity as the final verdict of enlightened scholarship respecting his character; still more indignant that those who have told the truth about him should be branded in that sketch as conscious defamers. It is sacrificing too much and too many for the sake of one.

In this connection I will present some facts out of my personal knowledge of Poe. That I am not impelled by a hostile motive is sufficiently proved by my long silence. I should have been silent still but for this memoir in the 'Britannica.' Some time in the year '47 I visited New York City and called on my relative, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.

She was just getting into a hack accompanied by the well-known author, Mrs. Kirkland, to carry, as she said, some articles of comfort to Mrs. Poe, who was ill in Fordham. When she returned, she described Mrs. Poe's condition to me—how that the poor wife, neglected, penniless, lay dying on a comfortless bed in a cottage that lacked many of the commonest essentials of domestic need and convenience, and was dependent on her friends for ministrations to her daily wants, while her husband was spending his time in the city in a round of selfish indulgences. While I was in New York Mrs. Osgood made repeated visits to Fordham on the same kind errand, and the sufferings of the wife as well as the genius and character of the husband were repeatedly topics of conversation between us.

It might have been about a year afterward, when, returning to my home in Albany, after an absence in the city of New York, Mrs. Osgood, who was then on a visit to my family, related that while I had been gone Poe had sought an interview with her alone in my parlor, and in passionate terms had besought her to elope with him. She described his attitudes as well as reported his words—how he went down on his knee and clasped his hands, and pleaded for her consent; how she met him with mingled ridicule and reproof, appealing to his better nature, and striving to stimulate a resolution to abandon his vicious courses; and how finally he took his leave, baffled and humiliated, if not ashamed.

Not long after, when again in New York City, I sought the home of a family of which I had repeatedly been a guest. It consisted of a husband and his beautiful wife, who loved each other with confiding affection; and their home was bright with the sunshine of innocence and peace. I learned from mutual friends that it was now no more. It had been ruthlessly destroyed. Poe had marked the poor unsuspecting woman for his victim, had wound his insidious snares about her, weaned her affections from her husband, and accomplished her ruin.

I will add no further transcripts from my recollections of him and of his life. The three head-lights to which I have pointed attention—a neglected, dying wife; a seduction deliberately attempted; and a second seduction, with its attendant ruin, as deliberately accomplished—show clearly enough the trend of his character and the range of some of his pursuits. The picture is sufficiently complete. Let the truth prevail. As a writer, Poe's name stands among the very highest on the glory-roll of American authorship. I heartily agree with Prof. Minto that 'there is no English author of the present century whose fame is likely to be more enduring.' But as a man, he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. And let his failure to display the triumphs of a pure and noble manhood be set forth in fitting terms side by side with the chronicle of his mental greatness. Let it be presented in sharp contrast with the attractive personal record of his exalted cotemporaries—a Longfellow, a Holmes, a Whittier, and a Bryant,—enforcing the cardinal truth on the minds and hearts of ambitious youth, that one of the most sparkling gems in the coronal of a great author's greatness is the immaculate purity of his daily life.

H. F. HARRINGTON.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Sept. 15, 1885.

[Mr. Harrington is mistaken in supposing us to have defended Poe's memory from *all* aspersions. Prof. Minto does not attempt 'to brand the writers who have set forth the honest truth about Poe as a band of conspirators.' His monograph is a reply to Griswold alone, whose memoir Mr. Harrington himself at least suspects of being 'saturated with malignity.' Surely Mr. Woodberry is not an apologist of Poe; yet Prof. Minto has not a word to say against his *Life of Poe* published last winter in the American Men-of-Letters Series. Our own stand on this subject was taken very distinctly in the review of that book which appeared in these columns on the 31st of January. 'There is no face—certainly no story—in all literature,' we said, 'more tragical,

more unheavenly. The thirst for drink meandering like a line of fire from one end of Poe's career to the other; the bitter temper involving itself in a thousand contradictions toward friend and foe; the all-swallowing egoism that burnt its perpetual taper day and night before the shrine of Self; the envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness of a vindictive career,—all these come out page by page, not on a mission of malice, but as the sculptured lines of an actual portrait, leering and livid as it may be, counterbalanced by great excellences to be sure, but for all that the true and perfect likeness of the man Poe.'—EDS. CRITIC.]

Reviews

"A Wheel of Fire." *

MR. ARLO BATES has given us in his new novel a work of delicate fineness. There is a fine stroke, to begin with, in the Shakspearian title and the brief phrases from Shakspeare which head the chapters and are a wonderfully clever summary of the plot and story. The novel deals with character rather than with incident, and is evolved from one of the most terrible of moral problems with a subtlety not unlike that of Hawthorne. The way in which he has interpreted the effect of the moral problem as it worked itself out in the mind of a delicate and beautiful girl, is as if Mr. Howells had suddenly turned his wonderful opera-glass upon a woman's sorrows instead of her peculiarities, and bent his gifts towards making us weep rather than forcing us to smile. For the success of the book lies greatly in the art with which it is written from a given point of view. Mr. Bates did not apparently start with any preconceived theory of his own as to whether it is right or wrong for one inheriting insanity to marry; when you have finished the story you are not at all sure what Mr. Bates himself thought about it; but you have been shown the agony, the doubt, the conscientious dread of a sensitive young girl, who—as she herself exclaims in one of her moments of horror—will perhaps go mad simply from the fear of it. One cannot enumerate all the fine points of artistic skill which make this study so wonderful in its insight, so rare in its combination of subtlety and tenderness; but it is an exceedingly natural touch that the conscientious girl who would not accept the scientific verdict of a physician as leading her where she longed to go, nevertheless throws conscience to the winds and follows desire, convinced by the careless talk of a comparative stranger who confesses that his only aim in life is to get pleasure from it. Another point of singular dramatic effectiveness is the incident of the broken goblet. To have had it shattered in Damaris's hand on the night of her betrothal would have been a fine touch of imaginative art; but for her to find it broken in its case is, when combined with the reader's knowledge of the perfectly commonplace explanation of the accident, a stroke of imaginative genius.

The book has one flaw, and it is nearly a fatal one, though it is easy to see that it may have come from the author's effort to be true to the laws of art, instead of trusting to his own intuitions. The Elsie of the story is simply unendurable. Her inconsequence is not amusing, her levity is intolerable, and the closing chapter, with its dreadful gayety, is a blot upon the whole which ought not to exist as the last impression of what is otherwise an admirable book. The author himself does not care for her: she was an afterthought. His heart was with Damaris; but something must be done to lighten the tragedy, and he created Elsie. In reality tragedy that is so beautiful as the art with which Damaris's story is told, needs no relief. Comedy that is to supply relief to tragedy must be something apart from it; the people who are to be gay must be slipped in as something different; it must not be the persons of the tragedy who turn suddenly amusing. The grave-diggers in Hamlet jest over the situation, it is true; but the art that makes them

* A Wheel of Fire. By Arlo Bates. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

legitimate has made them unconscious themselves that they are funny. If an author can make the reader laugh suddenly, as a relief from tension, well and good; but if he makes the very characters of his tragedy suddenly light-hearted, there is no smile from the spectator. The flaw of this closing chapter is not so much that it introduces very trivial gayety just after terrible agony, but that it represents people who knew the agony and had experienced part of it, exhibiting without warning or interval the most extreme cheerfulness. Curiously enough Mr. Bates has now supplied himself the test by which to judge of his earlier novel. He seemed to have written 'The Pagans' not from any real admiration of those remarkable Bostonian Bohemians, but from the feeling *humani nihil alienum*, the conviction that if a 'Pagan' existed, he should not be ignored either in life or in literature. So far so good. In his 'Wheel of Fire' he introduces a 'Pagan' to good purpose. He is a 'value' in the artistic effect. But he is of very little value, and produces an effect simply because with great skill he has been relegated to his proper place. He is a factor in the plot, and by accident a very important factor; but he is not the one omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent factor. The trouble with the first book was, not that there were 'Pagans' in it, but that there was nothing but 'Pagans.' They were represented at their own valuation. They occupied Boston. If you did not know a 'Pagan,' you knew no one. Nor has the author suddenly changed his point of view in the later book. He does not suddenly make his 'Pagans' ridiculous. He still represents them at their own valuation. Charlie Fenton appears just as he would himself desire to appear, as a thorough Bohemian; only he is brought into connection with other people and with higher standards. Though still the author does not judge, he enables the reader to judge.

The "Household" Aldrich.*

In a famous little German poem, found in nearly all the collections of German poetry, there is a question about 'das alte ew'ge Lied'—when it will be 'endlich ausgesungen'—when 'the old perpetual song will be ended'; and Anastasius Grün, in beautiful verses, sings that as long as there is moonshine and rainbow, a heart to break or an eye to weep, the question will be useless and the fountain of poetry will flow. How varied a stimulus the poets still find in this poor worn-out world of ours may be gathered at a glance from the multitude of exquisite verses in the volume before us, verses as delicate and as vivid as the traceries in Cufic characters round an Arabian dome. There is a quality of fineness and delicacy, of tenuity and voluptuousness, about Mr. Aldrich's poems, which we find in the work of no other American poet. Dagger-handles are wrought up to this exquisite workmanship; a Cellini cup may be inwrought with the texture of an imagination equally dainty; but it is rare to find a poet, more particularly an American poet, working with such sculptural finish, such patience and precision, such old-world fastidiousness. Venetian point is drawn out into spidery elongations with this exquisiteness and feeling, but the impalpabilities of emotion and imagery, of fleeting dream and vanishing revery, are seldom caught in so crystalline a way, or made so perfectly to appear before the luxury-smitten eye.

The quantity of Mr. Aldrich's verse is not very great as compared with the productiveness of other poets, but yet it is sufficient to make a distinct and delightful impression, to place him in a niche by himself, to make us recur again and again to his lovely 'Baby Bell,' his 'Cloth of Gold' bits with their glint of Oriental embroidery, his 'Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book,' his 'Quatrains,' and his ivory-wrought 'Sonnets' with their clear outlines. If Hawthorne had gone to rhymes, one side of him might have been Aldrich.

In Mexico they sell nutshells wherein there lurk marvellous carvings, a mirror, Lilliputian figures, drapery, all manner of daintinesses. Just so with these poems: each brief, complete, carved out with nicest skill, laden with an argosy of feeling and experience. The double lobes open for a brief flash, and then close again after giving you a tantalizing glimpse. If Mr. Aldrich had done nothing but what is contained in this choice household edition of his poems, all lovers of true poetry would thank him for his part of 'das alte, ew'ge Lied' and his efforts to perpetuate it; but when we remember that he is novelist, playwright, traveller, critic, and editor besides, we are lost in wonder that his poetic work is so perfect, and that so abundant and multifarious an overflow in so many different directions has not spoilt its lucid delicacy and charm.

American Historical Studies.

THERE is a growing interest in the study of early American history, which is leading to some excellent results. Though America, as compared with the older countries of Europe and Asia, presents little that attracts the historian, yet that little has its value and its significance. The spirit which grows up from the recognition of historic continuity may be fostered by the American student as by the European. He may here learn that no fact in the history of mankind is unimportant, and that those experiences in the development of humanity which seem insignificant are often the most decisive and suggestive. The growing passion for historic studies with us we count to be in every way full of promise. Some evidence of that passion may be seen in a number of pamphlets which lie before us.

The third of the Papers of the American Historical Association is on the 'History and Management of Land-Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory,' by George W. Knight. It is a piece of careful historical investigation, and shows good promise for the work of the Association. It was prepared for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Michigan, and has since been enlarged for the present purpose. The author gives a complete history of the early school-laws and school-management of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. One of the best of the papers published in the 'Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science' is that on 'Recent American Socialism,' by Richard T. Ely. It is a continuation of his work on 'French and German Socialism,' and to some extent gives his personal views of the efforts of the socialists. After discussing early American socialism he takes up the work of Henry George, then passes in review the theories of the International Working People's Association, the Socialistic Labor Party, and other similar organizations. He also gives an account of the educational efforts of the socialists, and makes a careful estimate of the strength and significance of revolutionary socialism in this country. Finally, he gives a just and discriminating chapter to the remedies which ought to be applied. The author is to some extent a prophet of evil, but he gives facts which justify his pessimistic conclusions. He warns us that the socialists are organizing, and that their purpose is the complete overturning of the present forms of government. This paper is of special interest, because of the large amount of valuable historic material the author has gathered. Whatever we may think of his conclusions and his remedies, his facts are not to be denied. Another piece of excellent historical investigation is contained, in its results, in a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society at its meeting in Worcester in October, 1884. This paper was presented by J. Hammond Trumbull, and his subject was 'The First Essays at Banking and the First Paper-Money in New-England.' The author has brought together a large amount of interesting material bearing on his subject, and he has thrown much light on the early financial difficulties of the settlers of New England.

* The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Household Edition, with Illustrations. So. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lucretius, and Modern Atomic Theories.*

THAT Lucretius is receiving more attention at present than ever before is shown by the fact that within the past year three annotated editions of the whole or parts of his poem have appeared in France, England, and America respectively. The work before us, from the pen of an able Scotch scholar, is a careful and comprehensive discussion of the doctrines of the 'De Rerum Natura,' particularly in their relation to modern physical speculations. A few of the eleven chapters making up the book have previously appeared in periodicals, where they received considerable attention. Lucretius's 'On the Nature of Things' is a vivid and highly poetic exposition of the Epicurean philosophy. The poet, in an age full of superstition and unrest, tried to account for the universe, and to answer all the vexed questions about man's origin, duty and destiny, by means of a materialistic theory. He taught that there exist only matter and void; that matter is composed of atoms, which are minute beyond the ken of the senses, indivisible, indestructible, of various shapes and infinite in number; that out of these atoms, clashing and combining in infinite time and infinite space in all sorts of ways, the world and all things in it or on it have come into being. The soul is composed of the finest atoms, and perishes at death. Gods there are, but they have nothing to do with the on-going of nature or mankind. The aim of life should be to be content, not fearing any powers of the supernatural but being reconciled to the laws of nature and living in conformity with them. In the light of the philosophic problems of the present, the work of Lucretius acquires a new and deep significance. All that is most valuable and suggestive in his doctrine of the atom has its counterpart in modern science. Moreover the atomic materialism of the day, stripped of what belongs not alone to it but to science in general, to theistic as well as atheistic and agnostic theories of the universe, is precisely Lucretius's doctrine of the nature of things less the blunders in fact and method unavoidable in the state of knowledge of his time. Thus the materialistic evolution of our time is simply the materialism of the Roman poet, wrought over in accordance with the scientific methods and adapted to the scientific knowledge of the present. Subjected to the scrutiny of careful criticism, it is found to be not a whit nearer to the settlement of fundamental questions than the system of Epicurus.

Mr. Masson's book shows both a thorough critical knowledge of the poem and a wide acquaintance with materialistic literature, ancient and modern. It is fair, cautious in statement, yet clear and emphatic in its conclusions. Those who cannot read the original will find in it a trustworthy exposition of the poet's doctrines; while students of ancient and modern philosophy alike will welcome it as a timely and most helpful aid to the history of materialism.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" Revived. †

MRS. STOWE's publishers have wisely issued a new edition of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with a long and interesting introduction giving an account of how the book came to be written, how it was received, and what has been its general history. It will be universally acknowledged that a new edition was needed, to be handed down in every family as a classic, the original publication of which was an event in American history as well as American literature. It is valuable as a complete and faithful picture of every phase of the time it represents, as a wonderful illustration of the power of the pen in aiding a great reform, and as a beautiful work of fiction and art. The householder who has bought it to 'hand down,' and who hopes that he may be able to persuade his children to read it, will find to his surprise that it needs no apology as a book that was famous in its day. The secret

of the fineness of Mrs. Stowe's art is discovered now that the art is still found to be as effective, as beautiful as ever, after time and events have softened the strong feeling that made tens of thousands hail the story originally as a wonderful instrument for good. Hundreds of thousands were grateful then for the influence of the book, and it is a pleasure to find that at this day we may still be grateful for the book itself. It was wonderful art that could give so terrible a picture with such intensity of sympathy, without wrecking truth, probability and sympathy itself on the dangerous reefs of bitter feeling. That the book should have been so temperate is even more wonderful than that it should have been so powerful. That, writing with a purpose, and so tremendous a purpose, Mrs. Stowe should have remembered the other side, only added to the effectiveness of her appeal. That she took time to add all the touches of genuine art in fiction to the strength of her plot and story, made the story stronger as well as finer. That she let Eliza remember, in packing up the few things she could carry with her boy in her awful escape with him, to put a few of the child's favorite toys in the wretched bundle, is a touch that does not weaken the reader's sense of Eliza's agony of dread. Altogether, to re-read the book will be a surprise even to its old admirers, for the strength in it that has lasted and for the beauty that grew out of its terror.

Vambery's "Coming Struggle for India." *

THERE is a mosquito perched upon the outer periphery of Europe that is perpetually buzzing in the ear of England. The burden of its buzz-buzz is RUSSIA: Russian aggression, Russophobia, 'Russification' of Oriental nations and frontiers. The tiny insect talks Hungarian and writes—English, learnedly, idiomatically, yet with a spice of the 'foreign devil' that is very entertaining. Some months ago we had occasion to call the attention of our readers to the Autobiography of Arminius Vambery—such is the name of the *mosca Ungariensis* whose scientific name, entomologically speaking, we can only guess at. In that amusing volume we had, related at length, the Asiatic adventures of this remarkable traveller, his experiences as an effendi on the Bosphorus, as a dervish in masquerade among the deserts and forests of Turkistan, and as a general omniscience and omnipresence in regions Tartar and Turko-Tartar. During these far travels and studies he watched the Russian bear and took note of his ravages and devastations, imbibing a transcendent horror of the White Tsar and of Holy Russia generally. On his return he lifted high his lonely horn and blew an anti-Russian blast which frightened all Europe. Later he became a lion of London, then (following a Pythagorean metempsychosis), a professor of Oriental languages at Budapesth, and last but not least develops in the present volume as the Buzz-Buzz—the 'fly on the wheel,' whose 'Coming Struggle for India' is rather a belated suspiration than an invigorating war-cry, considering that the momentary excitement which called it forth has already subsided. Still, Professor Vambery is an instructive and well-informed writer. The ingenious map which accompanies his book, and on which he depicts in sanguinary tints the cancerous growth of Russia south-eastward, is alone worth the price of the book as a graphic mode of making everybody an eyewitness to Russian aggression. This aggression, according to Professor Vambery, gravitates irresistibly toward the 'wealth of Ormus and of Ind.' The Russian magi, it seems, take only the 'Star of India' into their calculations, neglecting the rest of the heavens in their astronomical observations. In thirteen chapters (an unlucky number) the Hungarian Israelite discusses more or less thoroughly the question of Herat, the lines of defence which England must preserve to keep out even the shimmer of the Polar Bear, Russia's chances in the struggle, and the relative value of

* The Atomic Theory of Lucretius Contrasted with Modern Doctrines of Atoms and Evolution. By John Masson. London: George Bell & Sons.

† Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. An entirely new edition. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Coming Struggle for India. By Arminius Vambery. \$1. New York: Cassell & Co.

English and Russian civilization in the East. The concluding chapter is the crack to the whip—a short and sharp autobiographic confidence, in which the sympathetic reader is treated to an 'aside'—a 'pièce justificative' of the author's fondness for England and antipathy to Russia.

Minor Notices

THE tenth issue of Harper's Handy Series is a lecture on 'The Mahdi: Past and Present,' translated from the French of James Darmesteter, Professor in the College of France. He defines the origin of the name, briefly sketches the career of the numerous Mahdis who have appeared in the past, and then describes the influence of that one whose life was so recently cut short in the Soudan. He gives a concise and interesting account of this singular phenomenon in religious history, which had its origin in the old Jewish idea of the Messiah. Miss Edna Dean Proctor's poem, 'El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan,' is incorporated in the book. — A VERY convenient book to have in one's office or library is the 'United States Year-Book: 1885,' compiled and published by Perley & Spencer, 54 Bond Street, New York. It is a paper-bound annual, containing a list of Government officials at Washington, of American ministers to foreign countries, of American consuls resident in foreign cities, of State officials and of post-offices throughout the United States, and of diplomatic officials resident in this country, together with an account of the governments they represent. The Civil Service law and rules are printed in full; and more or less information is given on an infinite variety of interesting subjects. But General Barrios is not the President of Guatemala, though he used to be when he was alive; nor its the total population of the German Empire 210,161 and its area 45,234,061 square miles. This latter error is due merely to misplaced headlines.

FAMILIAR as we all are with the famous words, as well as the famous deeds, of General Grant, it is surprising to find how many of them there are, and how much they gain in dignity, when we have them bound together and alone, as in a little pamphlet called 'Words of our Hero,' with an excellent portrait, edited by Jeremiah Chaplin and published by D. Lothrop & Co. Nothing superfluous or inferior has been admitted to 'fill up,' and the little book is well worth having. — E. P. DUTTON & Co. issue in a neat little pamphlet Canon Farrar's eulogy on General Grant, delivered in Westminster Abbey. It is interesting to all Americans as a calm, graceful, appreciative tribute to one of our heroes, especially to be valued as a testimony not only from the man, but from the nation which he tacitly represented at such a time and place. — 'AN ELEGY FOR GRANT,' by George Lansing Taylor (Funk & Wagnalls), is perhaps as good as any literature of the kind would be apt to be; but it is impossible for so many exclamation points not to seem pompous in comparison with the simplicity of the man they are to honor. Of the other 'Poems' bound with it, it may be said that it is always a mistake to suppose such an expression, for instance, as the famous 'Push things' can be made any more interesting or effective by tagging on to it a number of verses.

MR. E. E. HALE brings to a close his recent series of stories for young people with an interesting book on 'Stories of Invention,' told by inventors and their friends (Roberts). Mr. Hale's sprightliness would make the duller subject interesting if he cared to take hold of it, and no one knows so much about Palissy and Cellini and Eli Whitney and Bessemer as not to be glad of this new introduction to them. — 'IN PERIL AND PRIVATION,' by James Payn (Harper's Handy Series), is a compilation of stories of marine disaster. They are thrilling and interesting, but it must be said of such collections, as well as of collections of 'funny' things, that it is hard reading when taken steadily.

Recent Fiction

'OLDHAM,' by Lucy Ellen Guernsey (Thomas Whittaker), claims in its preface to be 'simply a tale of quiet country life in a New England parish, with some of its oddities and advantages, and a little of the tragedy which is found everywhere.' The author adds, after this statement, 'one word as to the Bible-class service,' as if this were a minor point of the book. In reality it proves to be the entire *raison d'être* of the story, which would have had no existence but for the author's desire to impress such instruction as that the Apostle's Creed is what 'all Christians' believe, and to teach the efficacy of prayer by such examples as that of a little girl praying for a Bible and finding one that morning in an old garret. We are entirely in sympathy with the author's desire to see Bible classes everywhere. There is no possible point of view from which Bible classes are not desirable, and it should be the aim and desire of every one to encourage them. But we are opposed to the way in which Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey advocates them. Her methods are fanatical to a degree very surprising in these days of toleration, implying to a youthful mind that people who do not love the Bible in precisely the way that Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey loves it, hate it, are given to throwing it in the fire, and inevitably develop into unnatural fathers, mothers, brothers, guardians and aunts, with a positive preference for villainy as well as for secular literature. For genuine argument, a logician should take the best example from his opponents, not the worst. People who throw Bibles in the fire are extremely rare, and should never be taken as the type of a class.

'THE PARSON O' DUMFORD' (Cassell) is much the best novel that G. Manville Fenn has given us. Indeed, if it were half as long, and kept on as well as it begins, and came to some other climax than that attained by the ridiculous measures resorted to in order that every one may live happy ever after, it would be a really remarkable novel. The parson begins delightfully, with a muscular Christianity that proves more effective than tracts with his somewhat wild congregation. His method of reform is to advise his parishioners after this fashion: 'Don't swear. If you don't like a man, hit him. But don't swear.' The account of his novel efforts is very entertaining, and the strikers play a forcible part in the story; but all that is good, very good, is unfortunately mixed with much that is very poor and very weak, especially toward the last. — THE stories translated from the German of E. Marlitt by Mrs. Wister (Lippincotts) need little criticism. They are certain to be entertaining and to be good. 'The Lady with the Rubies' is far too long, as the greater the condensation of such a plot the greater the art and the effectiveness; but it is not at all tedious, and is an interesting story. — 'STRUCK DOWN,' by Hawley Smart (Appleton), is a detective story, but quite the poorest and least interesting one that we know of. Almost any one could 'detect' when the criminal accidentally drops a paper with the full address of the place to which she is going.

'A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT,' by A. E. P. Searing (Putnams), deals with an important and favorite problem: whether it is wise to educate the humble in birth out of their native surroundings. Unfortunately for the influence of the story, however, it speedily proves, by its lack of art, that the author has started to prove a preconceived theory. Imagining it to be a bad thing to give a young girl an 'opportunity,' it is easy for any one to invent unfortunate results that might very readily happen. But the lack of art is shown in various misconceptions of the given situation. First, a girl of Lizzie Wright's ambitions would never have fettered herself by the fatal secret marriage just as she knew of a new life before her. Secondly, the fatal marriage was a mistake born of her old intuitions and not of her new ones. Thirdly, a girl who could not speak grammatically

would never become a social success in six months. Fourthly, if the lady who employed her as nursery-governess tired selfishly of her 'experiment,' the fact did not imply necessarily Lizzie's downfall, as she could easily find another such situation for herself. Fifthly, the beautiful moral of Lizzie's return to her rustic husband—after, by the way, a quite intolerable appeal for advice to a friend of her former mistress,—and her consequent happiness, is literally quite too good to be true. Verdict, not proven.

THE novels of Miss Fletcher—'George Fleming'—have a quiet way of appearing at long intervals, without the hue and cry of noisy advertisement, in a manner that argues well for their known popularity. It is with surprise, but with a glow of satisfaction that also betrays the pleasure we have learned to expect from Miss Fletcher's work, that the reader finds a new one suddenly on his table, and takes it up with the certainty of some delightful hours before him. 'Andromeda' (Roberts) is by no means an original story as to plot. We have had in literature almost as many noble lovers ready to sacrifice themselves even on the altar of Hymen to shield some one else from sorrow, and saved from the necessity at the last moment by a sudden literary miracle, as we have had ignoble lovers unfaithful to vows already taken—which is saying a good deal. But no one will put down 'Andromeda' because the story is hackneyed. It is full of interest, of vigor, of beautiful tenderness. It does not appear to be written by an author trying to be clever, nor by one trying to make money. We lay it down thinking better of our fellow-men. Its charm is that of art rather than of nature. We enjoy it, not because it is so realistic, but because it is so ideal. We do not so much like it as admire it. There is little in it to laugh over, but there is nothing in it to regret. Need we praise it more?

Mrs. Preston's Centennial Poem.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I AM glad to see Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's 'Centennial Poem for the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.,' so beautifully published by the Messrs. Putnam. This is surely a noteworthy performance, vigorously conceived and, upon the whole, as vigorously executed. The salient, picturesque and suggestive points of the subject have been clearly perceived, and brought out with bold and happy effect. We are carried back to the year 1775, when 'the strong Colonial heart was everywhere stirred,' and the cry became universal,

let us free
This land for which we crossed the sea,
And make it ours ! Revolt may be
The Tyrant's name for Liberty !

Instead of the gay Knights of Spotswood, bent upon a holiday quest, we are introduced to rough, stern, but high-souled mountaineers, who had already 'conquered the forests, and clothed the hills with harvest,' but who, awakened by the battle-shot at Lexington and stung by threats of despotic rule, now arose—

Strong men, of mould
Like vikings old,
Who dared to die by field and flood,—
Upon their dented shields no crests,
No golden orders on their breasts,
But—iron in their blood !

There, among the lovely Virginian heights, they reared in due season a 'lowly Academe,' which grew and flourished, first under the name of the Hall of Liberty, and subsequently under that of Washington College, the Father of his Country having endowed it with a large grant voted to him by the Legislature of Virginia. In 1803 the old college building, of rough-hewn stone, was destroyed by fire. Amid its ruins 'lichened by decay,' our poet tells us,

dreaming students stray
Recalling visions of the elder day,
and memories of one

Foremost and first of all to bear
The name that since has filled the air,
That stirs the world's heart to its core,
As never name had done before,
That makes humanity sublime,—
That heads the warrior list of time—
Repeated since ten thousand ways,
Which yet no speech of every day's
Most common use can rob of praise ;—
That name which like the sun
Loses no light by all it rests upon ;
Which glorifies with gorgeous Alpen-glow
Mont Blanc's stark summits of eternal snow,
Yet gilds the crocus blossoming below—
The name of Washington !

There are some charming lyrical interludes in this poem, of which the one upon page 9, beginning

Not from the ilex groves where Sophocles
Chanted his strophes grand,

is perhaps the most artistic and musical. Then follow a series of pleasant pictures, touched with a species of Claude Lorraine glory of tranquil coloring, which illustrate 'years of peace'—the 'placid seasons' which came and went 'across that Happy Valley :

Its dwellers drank with thankful cheer
The wine of sweet content.

They had 'no crave for change.' But such conditions of idyllic grace, harmony, and spiritual sweetness, of unperturbed study and scholastic ease, cannot last always.

There came a second and wilder Revolution. The ominous gathering of the political storm, how it spread and darkened, and burst finally into a deluge of blood and ruin, Mrs. Preston has described with a true poet's insight and fervor of imagination. Academic gowns are thrown aside for the sword. Full of enthusiasm, young heroes rush to the front. Beardless boys, who but yesterday were poring over Euclid or construing Homer, now work at the 'dread artillery' or lead some desperate charge. How many hot young veins are emptied of life ! How many bright young heads are laid low ! How many gallant young hearts have ceased to beat forever ! The poet bids us

Draw close the veil ! Be dumb !
Let the young Martyrs go
Down the memorial years
With solemn step, and slow ;—
Nor count the fields of death,
Where, with a courage strong
As only to the noblest souls belong,
They yielded up their breath :—
Smiles all too proud for woe
Have flashed across our tears
A grand aerial bow,
That spans and circles o'er
Their names forevermore !

The conclusion of the Poem is dignified and eloquent.

There is a simple pathos in the picture of Lee—the soldier overwhelmed, who had lost all but honor,—the exalted Christian gentleman and scholar passing from the turmoil of battle and carnage to the quiet of the schools and the shadowy grandeur of the 'everlasting hills'—which now, in these days of reconciliation, of a wider mutual comprehension, must touch, I should hope, all generous hearts.

We saw him take with matchless grace
The academic seat, and wear
Its humble honors with such rare
Majestic skill, as if the place
Were broad enough to meet the large demands
Of his imperial hands.
We watched him as his silvered head
Bowed meekly at the morning prayer,
And marvelled, as with martial tread
That brooked no swerve to left or right,

His band of students firm he led
 As legions to the fight.
 We saw him in his peaceful rest,
 We saw him in the evening's wane
 When unobscured by mist or stain
 His cloudless orb went down the West.
 * * * * *
 Ah, scarce we dare beneath our breath
 To name him here, so pure, so brave!—
 Tread softly! for the sculptor's * skill
 Holds him in seeming slumber still;
 Hush! for that stirless sleep is death;
 Peace! for we stand too near his grave!

I have said that this poem is upon the whole vigorously executed. Still there are some examples, *me judice*, of defective technique, and occasional lapses of thought, which let the reader down suddenly, as it were, from an exalted to a lower plane of poetical accomplishment. But such are evidently the results of mere haste. Mrs. Preston is a genuine artist.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

COPSE HILL, GA., Sept. 24, 1885.

Mr. Gosse to Mr. Dobson.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE'S new volume, 'Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems,' is dedicated to the author's most intimate friend and fellow-poet, Mr. Austin Dobson. None of the pieces included in the new book has appeared in any English edition of Mr. Gosse's poems, but eight of them are printed in the American edition of 'On Viol and Flute.' We are permitted to publish the graceful lines of the dedication some weeks in advance of the appearance of the volume, which is to bear the imprint of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Neighbor of the near domain,
 Stay awhile your passing wain!
 Though to give is more your way,
 Take a gift from me to-day!
 From my homely store I bring
 Signs of my poor husbanding;—
 Here a spike of purple phlox,
 Here a spicy bunch of stocks,
 Mushrooms from my moister fields,
 Apples that my orchard yields,—
 Nothing,—for the show they make,
 Something,—for the donor's sake;
 Since for ten years we have been
 Best of neighbors ever seen;
 We have fronted evil weather,
 Nip of critic's frost, together;
 We have shared laborious days,
 Shared the pleasantness of praise;
 Brother not more kind to brother,
 We have cheered and helped each other;
 Till so far the fields of each
 Into the other's stretch and reach,
 That perchance when both are gone
 Neither may be named alone.

The Lounger

ABOUT a month before her death, Mrs. Jackson sent a long letter to her publisher, Mr. Niles, of Roberts Bros., with a request that it should be forwarded after that event to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Christian Union*. Mr. Mabie found it to be a request that, if any memoir of the writer was to be published, it should be prepared by him. A desire to have Mr. Mabie become her biographer was also expressed in a letter addressed to Mr. Niles himself; and Mrs. Jackson wrote shortly before her death to several of her most intimate friends, to ask them to put in his hands any material they might have that would be of assistance in his task. Col. Higginson has, I hear, promised to lend what aid he can (and no one can lend more) to the writer of the proposed biography; so it looks very much as if we should have in due time a satisfactory Life of 'H. H.' bearing on its title-page the names of Mr. Mabie and Messrs. Roberts Bros. Mrs. Jackson's chosen biographer was one of her most intimate personal friends, and her many other friends all over the country will be glad to hear that he has decided to comply with her wishes in this matter.

* Valentine's recumbent figure in the Mausoleum.

THOSE who had the good fortune to hear Thomas Hughes's address at Cooper Institute fifteen years ago, even though they had not seen him since, would have had no difficulty in recognizing the handsome old gentleman whom Mr. Godkin half-apologized for introducing to an American audience last Tuesday evening. It seemed an impertinence, he said, to do more than mention Mr. Hughes's name; but he did more—and did it gracefully. If any one had expected to hear an elaborate analysis and criticism of Mr. Lowell's literary work, he must have been disappointed. Instead of that the author of 'Tom Brown' gave a delightfully informal talk on the subject of Mr. Lowell's peculiar excellences as a poet and critic. Forty years ago he began to appreciate those excellences himself, and his admiration of them has increased as his familiarity has become greater. He edited the first English edition of 'The Biglow Papers' (of which, by the way, a new American edition has just left the press), and he has long been an intimate personal friend of the author. His lectures at Association Hall on Tuesday and Friday evenings were designed to impel young men to become better acquainted with Mr. Lowell's work. 'I have been grieved to find,' said Mr. Hughes, 'that very few young men in America know their Lowell as the young men of England know their favorite English poets, and as no poet, living or dead, has done me so much good as he, I am anxious that you should all set to work to study and enjoy him.' If the young men of America heed this advice, Mr. Hughes will have added to the grateful burden of their indebtedness to him for his manly and inspiring words in the past.

BETWEEN the date of her brother's engagement to Miss Milbanke and the end of July, 1824, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh wrote at least twenty-four letters to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. In one dated Six Mile Bottom, March 31, 1815, she expresses a strong desire to have her correspondence kept secret. This is 'for your private ear,' she begs the clergyman to remember. 'Pray, dear Mr. H., keep all these confidential (*strictly confidential*) communications to yourself.' And Mr. H. remembered this entreaty and regarded it as conscientiously as Samson regarded the injunction against betraying the secret of his strength. In other words, instead of destroying the correspondence, he carefully preserved it; in due course it came under the auctioneer's hammer, where all letters by or about famous people ultimately come, no matter how sacred or confidential they may be; and now the present owner permits Mr. Jeaffreson, of 'The Real Lord Byron,' to print eighteen of the twenty-four letters in *The Athenaeum* of Sept. 19. Moral: If you don't want your letters to reach the 'private ear' of anyone but the person you send them to, burn them as soon as they are written—or, better still, burn the paper before you have written on it!

FOR some time, now, the French have been enjoying what they call five o'clock teas, only they don't have them at five o'clock. A tea at any other time would taste as sweet, they hold—and statistics show that they are right. Nine o'clock is a favorite hour for these afternoon reunions that Lord Houghton loved so well; and Max O'Rell is authority for the statement that the invitation usually runs 'On five o' cloquera a neuf-heures.' But this is hardly more absurd than to apply the name of breakfast to what is often a noonday meal, eaten several hours after the first cravings of hunger have been satisfied.

THE little book called 'Light on the Path' was not written by 'M. C.,' whose initials appear on the title-page. 'M. C.' only 'wrote it down.' 'One of the Mahatmas, or Masters, of the Himalayan brotherhood, living thousands of miles away' exerted a 'psychical influence' over 'M. C.,' and compelled her to act as his amanuensis. 'The manuscript of the work is said by those who have seen it to be in a strong, bold hand, utterly unlike that of the lady who wrote it.' This way of writing is as old as the hills of Derby. Shakspeare, who always knew what he was writing about, suspected a rival poet and lover of receiving literary aid from the Mahatmas, or some such folk, nearly three hundred years ago. 'Was it his spirit,' he asks the mistress of his muse,

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?

He concludes that it was not; but the fellow certainly received assistance from his 'compeers by night,' one of whom—an 'affable, familiar ghost'—was in the habit of 'gulling him with intelligence.' Perhaps 'M. C.' has been gulled in the same way. If she has not, she is trying to gull the public.

H. H.

[Susan Coolidge, in *The Christian Union*.]

WHAT was she most like? Was she like the wind,
 Fresh always, and untired, intent to find
 New fields to penetrate, new heights to gain;
 Scattering all mists with sudden, radiant wing;
 Stirring the languid pulses; quickening
 The apathetic mood, the weary brain?

Or was she like the sun, whose gift of cheer
 Endureth for all seasons of the year,
 Alike in winter's cold or summer's heat?
 Or like the sea, which brings its gifts from far,
 And still, wherever want and straitness are,
 Lays down a sudden largess at their feet?

Or was she like a wood, where light and shade,
 And sound and silence, mingle unafraid;
 Where mosses cluster, and, in covert dark,
 Shy blossoms court the brief and wandering air,
 Mysteriously sweet; and here and there
 A firefly flashes like a sudden spark?

Or like a willful brook, which laughs and leaps
 All unexpectedly, and never keeps
 The course predicted, as it seaward flows?
 Or like a stream-fed river, brimming high?
 Or like a fruit, where those who love descry
 A pungent charm no other flavor knows?

I cannot find her type: in her were blent
 Each varied and each fortunate element
 Which souls combine, with something all her own—
 Sadness and mirthfulness, a chorded strain,
 The tender heart, the keen and searching brain,
 The social zest, the power to live alone.

Comrade of comrades—giving man the slip
 To seek in Nature truest comradeship,
 Tenacity and impulse ruled her fate,
 This grasping firmly what that flashed to feel—
 The velvet scabbard and the sword of steel,
 The gift to strongly love, to frankly hate!

Patience as strong as was her hopefulness;
 A joy in loving which grew never less
 As years went on and age drew gravely nigh;
 Vision which pierced the veiling mists of pain,
 And saw beyond the mortal shadows plain
 The eternal day-dawn broadening in the sky;

The love of Doing, and the scorn of Done;
 The playful fancy, which, like glinting sun,
 No chill could daunt, no loneliness could smother.
 Upon her ardent pulse Death's chillness lies;
 Closed the brave lips, the merry, questioning eyes,
 She was herself!—there is not such another.

A Curiosity of Criticism.

WE have reprinted several bits of criticism in which our own high opinion of Miss Thomas's work was supported by the best judges. We reprint the following from *The Independent* simply as a curiosity of criticism.

'A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems,' by Edith M. Thomas, is one of the most puzzling volumes, if not the most puzzling volume, of verse that we remember ever to have read. Miss Thomas has many gifts. She has a sensitive temperament, that is alive to everything that surrounds her, as alert to perceive and as keen to feel the hue and scent of the rose as the sharp spine of the thorn that it conceals. She has the sense of the beautiful that idealizes whatever it touches, clothing the palpable and familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn, and the perishable with immortality. She has fancy and imagination, and she has a cultivated and active mind. She has, in a word, many of the qualities which go to the making of poets; but, somehow or other, they do not appear to have made a poet of her. We are impressed by her promise, but not by her performance. Let us be understood. We have read Miss Thomas's volume carefully, portions of it more than once. There is poetry here—we felt as we read it, loitering now and then over

a happy word, or a musical cadence; but when we stopped, and asked ourselves where the poems were, we were in the position of the Cockney who could not see the wood for the trees. Why this abundance of poetical feeling has resulted in this poverty of poetical achievement is a problem which requires more consideration than we can bestow upon it at present. It implies certain deficiencies on the part of Miss Thomas, and among them, as nearly as we can make out, is the absence of emotion and thought. She is enamored of her sensations, and is averse from the meditation, which, chemically speaking, is precipitated in knowledge. She is moved to expression by imagination rather than by experience, and her expression, therefore, while always pleasing, is never powerful. If she lived less in herself, and more in others, she would be more of a poet than she is. There is a larger life than pertains to any one human being, however gifted, and the more the poet attains to it, and comprehends it, the larger he becomes. Miss Thomas does not appear to have divined this fact, or she would not have lived so long and so contentedly within the limitations of her own temperament. One of the faults which we find with her poetry is that its texture is too slight, and its interest too personal. She has not the power of projecting herself into other moods than those that are habitual with her, and no great power of turning those to intellectual account. She is moved to write by her impulses, which supply her with poetical impressions, but do not necessarily supply her with poetry. She gratifies herself by the exercise of her poetical faculty, but does not satisfy her readers by the results of that exercise. They demand something besides luminous atmospheres and melodious phrases. They demand something tangible and definite, something that the eye can distinguish, as it distinguishes form, and the mind can recognize, as it recognizes thought. This they do not obtain from her, either because she has not attained it, or because she does not consider it desirable in poetry. There are eighty-seven compositions in her volume, and of these not more than three or four fulfil the conditions that are fulfilled by all true poems, and which are—unity of purpose and effect, and precision and perfection of form. Poems are complete in themselves; so complete that the life of one is no more the life of another than the life of painting is the life of sculpture, or the life of painting and sculpture is the life of music.

The Race Question in Canada.

[An American in London, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

IN Montreal, two years ago next month, one of the best-known citizens told me that Riel was storing his strength for another and more serious demonstration, and that he would get help from certain outside sources. Except for the fact that he expected it to come within a twelvemonth, and that he did not foresee so sudden a collapse when it did come, the information this French gentleman gave me concerning the anticipated outbreak tallies very well with the recent accounts from the North-west. Either the rebellion was planned, in a general way, a long time ago, or my friend was working just then under a fine gift of prophecy.

The natural interest taken here in the affair, and the curious silence in the London press of Canadians living here who know the facts, prompts me to offer some further remarks on the race question in Canada. I cannot speak as a Canadian, but only from inquiries made in French circles during four summer vacations in the province of Quebec, which were devoted to gathering material on the historical side of this subject. I have no figures, and shall attempt nothing beyond suggesting the spirit of the relations between the two races, which, it seems to me, is about the last thing the English discern in any of their colonies.

First of all, the best friends of the English connection, the only steadfast and real friends among the French Canadians, are the Catholic priests. This British Government, which by statute at least is the most anti-Catholic of all the Governments of North Europe, has been able during the past century to control several millions of disaffected Catholics in Ireland, more or less, because the priests were with it—and the same is true of Quebec. In fact, the *habitants* would have joined the American colonists in 1775 in revolt against George III. had it not been for their priests. When Generals Montgomery and Arnold made their ill-starred attack on Quebec in the last week of that year they knew that the population of the town was at heart friendly to them, and they counted upon aid from within. In the diplomatic efforts with which the Philadelphia Congress seconded this attack, Father John Carroll, a brother of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward the first Bishop of Baltimore, was associated with the other envoys, in recognition of the fact that it was largely a clerical question. But the

priests feared the irreligious tendencies of the Yankees, who quoted Paine's 'Age of Reason' as a political Bible, and honored such avowed agnostics as Franklin and Jefferson, and they much preferred to remain under a country, even if it was Protestant and alien, which had given them guarantees of privilege far greater than they could expect from Philadelphia.

What was true of 1775 is true of 1885. The French Canadian priest dreads and hates the influence of the United States on his parishioners. He fights tooth and nail against their emigration to the United States; they may go to Manitoba or New Brunswick, anywhere in the Dominion, but all he can do to prevent their crossing the border will be done. A young boatman of mine some years ago, on some salmon water in the Saguenay country, told me that he had a brother in the States who helped to keep the family at home from starvation (all these villagers were desperately poor), but that his sending the money in such a roundabout way was a great inconvenience. I asked why it should be roundabout. The explanation was that this brother had to send the money west over a thousand miles to a friend in Manitoba, who then sent it back from there to the Saguenay. Again I asked why, and the answer was that they had had to tell the priest that the brother was in Manitoba, because if he knew that he was in the States the wrath of the Church would fall on the family at home. Furthermore, this priest had the local postmaster under his thumb, and knew where all the letters to his flock came from. Of course, this was in the country—in a village purely mediæval in its subjection to the *cure*. But a large proportion of the French in Canada live to-day under at least the shadow of this subjection.

The objection of the priests to-day to the United States is practically what it was 110 years ago. Their predecessors foresaw consequences with a shrewd eye. The Irishman in the States remains a relatively good Catholic; the French Canadian does not. Very often he gets to staying away from church altogether. If he keeps up the connection it is in a critical and rebellious mood. Almost every French church in the States—and the Canadian population is large enough to support a good many—has either the record or the existing reality of a fight between its pastor and its congregation. Students of ethnology may find profit in this difference between the Irish and French; that the difference exists is all I care to insist upon, and to this every observant American will testify.

But it is not alone in the Canadian colonies of the United States that the Church finds its grip loosening. Something is due to the reflex influence from the States, something less to the effect of the Republic in France, perhaps even something to the general tendency of the age, though Acadie is pretty well out of reach of that; but, whatever the cause, there is no doubt that infidelity, so-called, is rapidly growing in French Canada. It has scarcely reached the country people, but it is very strong in the cities, and constantly spreading. The priests do not handle it well or accept it amiably, which makes matters worse. And it is almost a rule that a Frenchman who does not go to church does go to a club, or belongs to a clique, whose chief idea is separation from England. There are a large number of these men, and they represent a powerful and growing influence. On ultimate ends they are not all agreed. Some believe in annexation to the United States; others think about French association and alliance in an independent condition, and France is encouraging this idea far more directly both by organized emigration and intrigue than English people either here or in Canada realize; but on this they are united—hostility to the English connection and to the English parts of the Dominion. If they liked the Irish as much as they dislike the English, the problem would soon be solved in a way which London would not admire. But neither on this side of the water nor the other have the Irishman's admiration for and sympathy with the French ever been reciprocated in kind. The Irish have been doing something to help Riel, but it was done *con amore*. There is no bargain, no coalition. The French are for themselves, accepting aid where it is offered, but no more.

The surprising fecundity of the French in Canada is in itself a sufficient ground for national and race aspirations. Despite the large immigration from Great Britain, the proportion of English-speaking people in the province of Quebec is smaller to-day than it was thirty years ago—and this, too, after the surplus French have flooded the Maritime and other Dominion provinces and the United States with fully a million emigrants. Families of fifteen children are not rare—one ragged old boatman I saw on Lake St. Charles was the father of twenty-six, all, he remarked pathetically, quite as poor as himself. Multiplying at this wonderful rate, and inheriting not only good constitutions but minds of a higher order than the European peasantry have,

it can be seen that when these men once get seriously to thinking of governing themselves at Quebec or Montreal, instead of being governed by an alien race from Ottawa and London, there will be a genuine crisis. The Riel affair was simply an experiment—a demonstration designed to accustom the French to feel and hope together as a race.

In the situation I have sketched, with entire freedom from bias, the future must turn upon the ability of the priests to hold their people. If they had a tithe of the sense and tact of the Irish priests in the States they could do it. But they are narrow, intolerant, ignorant men as a class, and the drift is all against them. And the moment the beam tips their way, snap will go the Dominion!

The Passion for Notoriety.

[From *The Spectator*.]

It is a little difficult to understand clearly the dislike of the passion for notoriety which is always expressed and felt by the able and the good. It is a pretty keen dislike, largely mixed as it is with contempt, and with a certain indefinite wish to punish; yet there seems at first sight to be little reason for it. Most men would describe the wish for notoriety as a vulgarized form of the desire for fame; and while all passions must be vulgarized by the vulgar, the desire for fame excites neither derision nor dislike. It is held to be a respectable weakness, even in the weak, who will miss their object; while in the strong it is pronounced a noble quality, the desire which stimulates poets and conquerors and reformers. It was not absent from the man who said, 'Write me as one who loved his fellow-men,' and who consequently wished that specialty of his to be known abroad. Nor is there anything inherently bad in the feeling which is the ultimate source of the passion for notoriety. The desire to be known, to be separated from the crowd, to be somebody in the world, and not to be 'thrust foully in the earth to be forgot,' is not evil in itself, is perfectly natural, and has repeatedly led men to high achievement. Great communities have fostered the desire for distinction by creating an elaborate machinery for gratifying it; and the most ascetic of theologians smiles indulgently on the man who seeks the laurel crown, or even the crown of parsley, while the philosopher remarks that individuality, even if pushed to an excess, has its good sides. The man who seeks notoriety must to a considerable extent suppress himself, and self-suppression is not only a virtue, but a cause of strength. Yet we all more or less despise the desire for notoriety, and hold the man who is possessed by it to be not only a weak man, but, in a sense, a bad one. He is a 'cad' in the slang dialect—an epithet which, rightly and carefully used, imputes moral evil, or at least moral failure, as well as deficiency in manners. The popular explanation of the difference—that the man who loves fame seeks it through lofty means, and the man who desires notoriety is regardless of means—is not quite true, for it would not cover the case of many unscrupulous men who yet sought fame and not notoriety. They were free of vulgarity in their desire. The true explanation is, we believe, that while the desire of fame, or of distinction, or even of separateness may, and often does, leave its victim a true man, true to himself, and therefore able to seek success through the cultivation or display of the noblest part in him, the passion for notoriety implies that the man is either false, or willing to be false; that he will simulate or dissimulate qualities rather than give up his object; and does not seek it so much as he is possessed by it, till the sense of right and wrong, the becoming and the unbecoming, disappears from his mind. Right and wrong have become alike to him in an overmastering desire for personal display, which is not vanity, but a separate and lower passion. He craves to be noticed, instead of craving to be noticed with reverence or regard; and will knowingly lower himself, as Henri Rochefort and some English journalists of Rochefort's kind have recently done, rather than remain invisible in the crowd. The quality of the attention he draws matters nothing, compared with the fact of attention; and if all other means fail, he will fire the temple of Diana, and live through the ages as the blasphemer and foe of the one pure goddess. The readiness to be false to oneself and to the facts, is the note of evil which distinguishes the hunger for notoriety from the thirst for fame. He advertises rather than displays himself; and in all advertisement there is some trace of lying. If the good condemn or the wise scorn, scorn and condemnation are still acceptable, if only they are sufficiently audible to increase the roar.

There is an impression abroad that the desire for notoriety tends to increase, and is more frequently gratified than it was; but we fancy there is little truth in it. The desire has always

existed, and the means of gratifying it. It is true the notorious man of our day is much more notorious than his predecessor, because the means of publicity have been so inconceivably increased. He can be as easily notorious in a State as in a town, in four Continents as in one. If his eccentricity or his crime is interesting enough, all civilized mankind will look at him, and his name will penetrate for an instant to the ends of the earth. If any man could diffuse cholera, for instance, and had the callousness to do it, instead of his name slowly creeping as a horror through mankind, he would be cursed in all languages within a week, and in a month would be as noted and as near lynching as even his heart could desire. An echo that spreads through a planet seems to the creatures on that planet a huge roar, and is, no doubt, more noticeable than an echo which only sounds on a mountain-side and makes the dogs of one village bark. It is one of the evils of newspapers that they are mechanical sounding-boards, reflecting and spreading all noises, without power of distinguishing between the qualities of noise. They must, and do, throw back a hysteric scream more sharply than articulate wisdom. But we do not know that the desire to arouse the roar increases; rather, we should say, it diminishes. Men are certainly more doubtful of themselves, less anxious to be observed, more indisposed to indulge in eccentricity or whim. The pressure of the moral atmosphere is heavier, till, for good as well as for evil, it diminishes individuality, and makes it as difficult for a man to dance on his head as to perform any more admirable feat. To depart from the usual takes more effort than it did; while the fear of opinion, which directly checks the notoriety-seeker, has been indefinitely developed. Besides, notoriety pays less. The multitude, getting educated, has become more keen to perceive pretence, more willing that false claims to fame should be exposed. The vulgarity which is inseparable from the pursuit of notoriety slightly shocks it, and it doubts whether a tradesman who advertises can be quite as first-rate as a tradesman who never does. Of course, there are those to whom publicity means gain—as, for instance, it must mean gain to the wonderful lists of professionals advertised weekly in *The Era*—and to them notoriety is the equivalent of fame, but to the majority notoriety hardly pays as it once did. The people are not ignorant enough, and the *advocati diaboli*, the people who resist canonization, are so very keen and strong. Barnum stands detected in a month, and unless detection is of itself a gain, hesitates to put himself under the electric light. We should say Europe had never had so few persons in it of extensive 'notoriety' as distinguished from eminence, and that there never had been so few candidates who saw in the gratification of that passion a road to power, or even to applause and pelf. The disposition is rather to be quiet, so far as being like everybody else can secure quietness. Even in France, the land of notoriety, there seems to be a perception that notoriety, which is troublesome to gain, hardly pays when it is gained; and we can hardly name a politician who gives full swing to the low impulse. A few profess extreme opinions in the hope of notoriety; but though the opinions are more extreme than ever, old extremism passing unnoticed, the number who scream and shout to the crowd merely to be noticed is smaller than it was. In an age of observant indifference, the passion for notoriety has decayed like the vice of hypocrisy, and for the same reason, that the world does not concede to it the expected reward. It smiles or sneers, but passes on forgetting. A man's name may be in all men's mouths nowadays, and he himself, unless he has something to sell which men want, may reap little except a faint contempt. There are too many names with a meaning in them, for the mere repetition of a name to make any perceptible impression, or for anybody except an actor or an advertiser to gain by notoriety.

To the New South.

[Paul Hamilton Hayne, in *Dixie*.]

NEW SOUTH! new South! we hail your radiant rise
The morning sunshine flasht across your crest,
Your eagle-wings and proudly-swelling breast,
The soul that burns and brightens in your eyes,—
But while you dare to storm the loftiest skies,
Foul not the fairness of your natal nest,
Nor in high Orient soaring scorn the West,
Wherein your Fathers' sunset glory lies :—
How oft is sunset beautiful and grand!
Its very clouds are steeped in light and grace,
The glow and pathos of a farewell time—
'Tis thence the Past uplifts her dying face,
And if that Past hath been like *ours* sublime,
Oh! show her reverence in the Sunset-land!

Current Criticism

CANON FARRAR ON BROWNING.—The wide range of his work is one of his strongest characteristics, and he is remarkable for the depth and versatility of his knowledge of human nature. No poet was ever more learned, more exact, and more thorough. Ruskin has said that he is simply unerring in every line. Of all the poets, except Shakspeare, he is the most subjective—a thinker, a student, and an anatomist of the soul. This is the chief reason why he has not been more recognized. Both he and Wordsworth see the infinite—the latter in nature, the former in the soul. Browning looks into the soul, and loves to see it as God sees it. No poet has more completely merged his own individuality in his work. The lecturer then dealt at length with the two main objections to Browning, namely, that he is unmelodious and obscure. He recited several of the poet's lyrics to show how much of melody he is capable of expressing, and gave extracts also from some of the most polished passages of his blank verse. It is not from any lack of power of melody that the poet lays himself open to the charge of harshness, nor is his roughness due to carelessness nor defiance. He can use melody both varied and exquisite. The strength of his poetry, however, is in its sense, and not in its form. As to the charge of obscurity, this may be explained by the fact that his thoughts are deep and he deals often with the terrible and grotesque. He is full of strange phrases and recondite allusions, but he is a writer on obscure subjects, not an obscure writer. He does not write down to the level of the society journal or the fashionable romance. Many of his pieces of word-painting, on the other hand, stand comparatively with those of Tennyson himself. The lecturer then dealt with Browning's characteristics as a poet of conscience, of love, and of religion, and with the great aspects of his moral teaching. He is essentially the poet of humanity. His contempt for Byron is due to the fact that the latter speaks falsely of mankind. In all of Browning's poems there is something, as Mr. Lowell has said, that makes for religion, devotion, and self-sacrifice. His teaching, the lecturer said, is better, braver, manlier, more cheerful, more healthy and more religious than all that has ever before passed for poetry. He is pre-eminently a poet of conscience, a poet of love, and a poet of true religion.—*From his Lecture as reported in The Toronto Mail.*

STILL WEARING ITS HEART ON ITS SLEEVE.—The victory was, then, in one sense, a fair one, and naturally enough there is much exultation over it; and it will be generally thought that Englishmen have again been thoroughly defeated on their own element, and that it has again been shown that Americans can build the better yacht. Such an impression, though natural enough, would, we have no hesitation in saying, be utterly erroneous. The Americans have shown that they can build an excellent racing-machine for one special race, and Englishmen have shown that they can accept with their eyes open very absurd conditions. It cannot be said that Sir Richard Sutton fell into a trap, because the word cannot be applied when nothing was concealed or kept dark; but the effect was the same as if he had fallen into a trap. He accepted conditions designed, subject to the interference of one of those tempests which, though produced in America, seem to affect England so much more, to assure the victory of the American yacht. Having submitted to them, defeat became, as has been foreshadowed in these columns, extremely probable. Now, what was extremely probable has happened, and perhaps it will be felt that it would have been well if Sir Richard Sutton's bravery had been tempered by a little of that shrewdness which, almost a drug on the other side of the Atlantic, ought to have very high quotations here.—*The Saturday Review.*

A WELL-READ SCIENTIST.—Sir Lyon Playfair's address at the fifty-fifth annual meeting of the British Association, opened last week, in Aberdeen, has been the subject of much comment, generally of a very favorable description. Some exception has been, not unnaturally, taken to his depreciation of mere literary studies. One remark especially has called for an indignant protest from *The Times*. Sir Lyon said that 'while the teacher of literature rests on authority and on books for his guidance, the teacher of science discards authority and depends on facts at first hand, and on the book of Nature for their interpretation.' The retort is obvious that 'the true object of literature is to see things as they are, to know the world as it is,' just as this is also the object of science. Nor is it true that the book of Nature interprets itself. Without literature to aid him, the student of science would be unable, except by the uncertain method of ex-

periment, to get his conceptions of her leading principles. Then, as to authority, every conclusion of science does not need to be verified by every student who accepts it, otherwise there would be no progress. In contrast with the low figure letters occupy in the President's estimation is the liberal use made by him of the thoughts of men of letters. Thus—as *The Pall Mall Gazette* points out—he quoted, in his speech, from the following varied list of authors, as well as from pure scientists:—Emerson, Washington, Swift, Frederick William of Prussia, Shakspeare, Milton, Voltaire, Epictetus, Goethe, Virgil, Euripides, Swedenborg, Addison, Chi Hwangti, Antipater, Homer, Solomon, Jules Simon, Horace Mann, Ali, son-in-law of Mahomet, Pope, Philip the Good, Goldsmith, and the Prince Consort. In addition to these there were references to many historical facts, the fables of Greek and Latin mythology, the works of Plato and Aristotle, and the Book of Judges.—*The Literary World, London.*

CREOLES, AND CREOLES.—A book of comfortable aspect, well printed on thick paper, charmingly illustrated, and delightful to read; above all, on a hot summer afternoon, when you can sit under the shade of some wide-spreading tree, listening to the rustle of its branches and the music of its feathered songsters, and imagine yourself in one of those sunny lands where winter is unknown and 'it always seems afternoon.' There is something sunny in the very look of Mr. Cable's book, and he discourses in pleasant strain of a quaint city, a sunny country, and an interesting people, to wit,—the Creoles of Louisiana. And what is a Creole? In the British West Indies everything born there is called a Creole. Thus there are not only Creole men and women of pure British stock, but Creole bulls and cows, Creole horses, and Creole cocks and hens. But, singularly enough, the people of the Spanish Main are often called Creoles, and the writer has heard a Venezuelan General with a high-sounding Spanish name describe himself as a Creole, perhaps because he thought the appellation a more honorable one than that to which his birth entitled him. It is at any rate an appellation of which Louisianians are especially proud, for, though of French descent and citizens of the United States, they invariably distinguish their fellow-citizens as 'Americans' and themselves as 'Creoles.'—*The Spectator.*

Notes

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU, the biographer of General Grant, has written a novel which will be published before long by the R. Worthington Co. The story is of Cuba, but several scenes are laid in Washington, in which well-known figures at the Capital appear under thin disguises.

—'Representative Poems of Living Poets, American and English, Selected by the Poets Themselves,' is the exhaustive title of a large volume now in the press of Messrs. Cassell & Co. The book is edited by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, and contains an introduction by Mr. G. P. Lathrop. It will be published simultaneously in New York and London. No living American or English poet of note is omitted from the collection.

—Harper & Bros. announce a holiday book by Howard Pyle, with the spicy title of 'Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk.' They have also in hand a new book by that indefatigable traveller and writer of boys' books, Col. Thomas W. Knox. It relates the adventures of 'The Boy Travellers in South America.'

—Mr. Thomas Hughes sails for Europe to-day.

—Mr. D. Van Nostrand has in press, for publication by subscription, a limited edition of Baron Jomini's 'Strategical Life of the Great Emperor Napoleon,' translated from the French by Gen. Halleck.

—Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, whose name is well known to the readers of this paper and of the popular magazines, is the author of a book on ranch-life soon to be issued from the press of Cassell & Co. It is called 'The Story of a Ranch,' and it is a true story, the ranch being that of the author's brother, Mr. Wellington, of Carneiro, Ellsworth Co., Kansas, a glimpse of which was given in a recent paper in *Harper's Magazine*. The book is illustrated by Mr. Swain Gifford.

—Prof. Bryce's long-expected book on the practical working of American political institutions is understood to be ready for publication.

—The London *Daily News* hears that the principal attraction of the Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly* will be a series of drawings by Du Maurier, illustrating an article on 'London in the Season.'

—On the President's return from the Adirondack Mountains he found awaiting him at the White House the following letter from Mrs. Jackson, which was written by her four days before her death. 'To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States: Dear Sir:—From my death-bed I send you message of heartfelt thanks for what you have already done for the Indians. I ask you to read my "Century of Dishonor." I am dying happier for the belief I have that it is your hand that is destined to strike the first steady blow toward lifting this burden of infamy from our country and righting the wrongs of the Indian race. With respect and gratitude, Helen Jackson.'

—A limited edition on large paper of Mr. Stedman's 'Poets of America' will be issued in two octavo volumes put up in boards. The English edition of the book is to be published by Chatto & Windus.

—In the November *Atlantic* Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis will give the testimony of Southerners of various classes in regard to the condition and prospects of the Negro.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day Craddock's 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain'; a holiday volume of Whittier's 'Poems of Nature'; English Traditional Love, the fourth volume in *The Gentleman's Magazine* Library; a new edition of 'Richard Vandermarck,' by the author of 'Rutledge'; 'The Life of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland,' from the French of A. L. Pontalis, by S. E. and A. Stephenson; and new editions of Taylor's 'Life and Selected Works of Goethe.' On Saturday next, Oct. 10, they will issue 'The Life and Letters of Louis Agassiz,' by Elizabeth C. Agassiz; 'Kansas,' by Prof. Leverett W. Spring, the sixth volume in the American Commonwealth Series; a new edition of 'St. Philip's,' by the author of 'Rutledge'; and Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and Mrs. Whitney Calendars for 1886. The first and last named Calendars are new, and the others newly arranged. The same firm have just published 'Eight Studies of the Lord's Day,' and new editions of Mrs. Stowe's 'Dred,' 'A Perfect Adonis,' by the author of 'Rutledge,' Bayard Taylor's Life and Letters, 'Forest Scenes' and their Household Edition of the poets.

—Lady Brassey will publish an account of Mr. Gladstone's recent journey to Norway in her husband's yacht, the Sunbeam, in search of health. It will be a small volume, illustrated from photographs taken at various points by Mr. Harcourt.

—Gen. Logan's forthcoming book, 'The Great Conspiracy: Its Origin and History,' comprises about 600 pages and will be published this month by subscription.

—Prof. Vambéry has just published at his own expense 'An Uzbek Epic,' a poem of 4900 double verses, copied by him from the only existing manuscript, which is in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, and supplied with a translation and notes. The work treats of the career of a famous Uzbek warrior of Central Asia, who in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century drove Baber out of the country north of the Oxus, and was the chief cause that led to the foundation of the Mogul Empire in India.

—The little house in Savoy known as Les Charmettes, in which the best days of Rousseau were passed, is about to be converted into a modern mansion.

—'Elementary Mechanism,' a text-book, by Assistant Engineers Arthur T. Woods and Albert W. Stahl, U.S.N., is advertised by D. Van Nostrand.

—Allen Dodworth has written a book on 'Dancing and Its Relations to Education and Social Life,' which will contain a new method of instruction and be illustrated with 250 figures. Harper & Bros. are to publish it.

—It is said that the principal poem in Tennyson's new book will be written in the Irish brogue.

—According to *The Academy* the Rev. H. R. Haweis will be in America in October, November, and December, on a visit to President White, of Cornell University, and Mr. Courtland Palmer, of New York. He will deliver two sermons before the University of Cornell. He will then, between October 18 and the end of the month, visit Canon Ellegood at Montreal; and he intends to lecture at Montreal and Quebec previous to his departure for Boston and Philadelphia, where he will deliver six lectures on "Music and Morals." On December 8 he will deliver a discourse before the Nineteenth Century Club, New York, and about December 17 he will return to England. Mr. Haweis has chosen an unfortunate time for his visit to ex-President White, for that gentleman is about to leave this country for a long visit to Europe.

—An important work on the history of the stage is announced by Cassell & Co. It will be called 'Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the Days of David Garrick to the Present Time.' Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton are its editors, and they have secured the coöperation not only of well-known dramatic critics but of leading actors and actresses as well. Thus Henry Irving will write of Edmund Kean, Edwin Booth of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, Lawrence Barrett of Edwin Forrest, W. J. Florence of Sothorn. Austin Dobson will treat of Garrick, Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive; Edward Eggleston of Lewis Hallam; William Archer of Elliston, Helen Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and others; Henry Norman of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson; Walter Pollock, editor of *The Saturday Review*, of Spranger Barry, Henderson and Toole; H. C. Bunner of Joseph Jefferson; Clinton Stuart of Clara Morris; Mr. Hutton of George Frederick Cooke and others; and Mr. Matthews of the Kembles and others. The work, which is to comprise over a hundred sketches, containing biographical data, anecdotes and extracts from contemporary criticism, will appear in four volumes early in the coming year.

—An autograph letter from General Grant to Rev. H. W. Cleveland, formerly a Confederate colonel, is reprinted in *fac-simile* in the October *Magazine of American History*, where it fills six pages. Mr. Whitney contributes, with the letter, an interesting paper on 'General Grant's Military Abilities,' arguing that the South underrated General Grant from the first, and that both the North and the South underrate his generalship even now.

—A newly-found photograph of Hawthorne, described as a capital likeness, will soon be reproduced in *Harper's Monthly*.

—Of Mr. Bunner's 'Airs from Arcady,' the London *Spectator* says: 'There are some very graceful verses in this volume, which will doubtless furnish its contribution to the English anthology of the future.'

—The October *Book-Buyer* contains a portrait of Mr. Stoddard.

—Mr. Shorthouse, author of 'John Inglesant,' is said to be engaged on a new work of importance.

—Writing in *The Southern Bivouac*, Mr. Paul H. Hayne says that Simms, the novelist, shone in his lighter moods. 'Of wit—that bright, keen, rapier-like faculty, which too frequently wounds while it flashes—he possessed, in my opinion, but little; yet his humor—bold, bluff, and masculine, with a touch of satirical innuendo and sly sarcasm—was genuine and irrepressible.'

—*Good Housekeeping* has awarded to Margaret Sidney (Mrs. D. Lothrop), of Boston, \$250 for the best series of six papers, each about 2000 words long, on 'How to Eat, Drink and Sleep as Christians Should'; to Mrs. E. J. Gurley, of Waco, Texas, \$200 for the best similar series on 'Mistress-Work and Maid-Work'; and \$50 to Mrs. Helen Campbell, of Orange, N. J., for the best paper on 'How Best to Eat and Make Bread.'

—'Half Hours in Field and Forest,' by J. G. Wood, being a series of chapters in natural history, with profuse illustrations, will be issued shortly by Thos. Whittaker, who has just published 'Expositions,' by Dr. Samuel Cox, author of 'Salvator Mundi,' and 'Simple Lessons for Home Use,' in which vital questions are treated by specialists.

—Amongst Dentu's recent announcements is that of 'Mr. Isaacs: Roman de l'Inde Moderne'—a translation of Marion Crawford's first novel, with a preface by Henry Houssaye.

—*Le Livre* quotes from a little brochure by a French lawyer, entitled 'Victor Hugo's Father at Blois,' a list of General Hugo's literary productions. These included 'La Duchesse d'Alba,' 'Le Tambour Robin,' 'L'Hermite du Lac,' 'L'Épée de Brennus,' 'Perrine, ou La Nouvelle Nina' and 'L'Intrigue de Cour,' a three-act comedy.

—'Brattleborough in Verse and Prose' is the title of a small volume compiled by Cecil Hampden Howard, to be published early in November by F. E. Housh. It will present selections from the pens of Mrs. Helen Jackson, Wallace Bruce, General J. W. Phelps and 'Fanny Fern.' To those who have visited the town, the book will undoubtedly be attractive.

—Under the title of 'Le Critique Maudit,' Adolphe Racot fills fourteen pages of *Le Livre* for August with a sketch of Gustave Planche, a French critic who died thirty years ago after having caused more heart-burnings and provoked more spleen than any other man who ever devoted his talents to the making and marring of literary reputations. A full-page caricature of the much-hated reviewer is given in connection with M. Racot's lively sketch.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1031.—A late newspaper writer states that it took thousands of years of nakedness and exposure to the hot sun to change the pigments under the skin of the negro, curl his hair, and make the difference in race. As he wasn't there, I cannot understand how he can speak so confidently. But perhaps he knows. It is some time since any change has occurred; witness the oldest yet known Egyptian records, where the negro characteristics are as marked as they are to-day. Our friend urges that under present conditions in this country, the race will change back to whiteness. *Nous verrons*, I was going to say, but we are not likely to live long enough. We acknowledge the changes, but climate hasn't much to do with them. This problem, which was so glibly solved, has puzzled many a wiser head. Some years ago there was an article in one of the reviews with a title something like this, 'Where did Cain Get his Wife?' And the argument went to show that there is no proof that all the inhabitants of the round world are descended from a single pair. I have lost sight of the paper, and have sought it in vain. Where was it, and who wrote it?
INQUIRER.

No. 1032.—I should like to learn something about J. H. Shorthouse, author of 'John Inglesant'—where he lives, what are his country and religion, etc.?
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. J. D.

[Mr. Shorthouse is an Englishman and, we believe, a manufacturer of manure. Besides 'John Inglesant' he has written a story called 'The Little Schoolmaster Mark,' a 'spiritual romance,' published by Macmillan.]

No. 1033.—Who wrote the somewhat familiar lines:

Scattering from the sculptur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn?

ISLIP, L. I.

R. F. C.

[The lines are somewhat misquoted from Gray's 'Progress of Poesy' where we find

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn, etc.]

No. 1034.—Where can I get a copy of 'Howells's Letters,' a good edition of 'Rousseau's Confessions,' and practical works on wood-carving, and the art of etching?
OMAHA, NEB.

F. C. B.

[The 'Confessions' may be obtained through Mr. D. G. Francis, Astor Place, New York. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's 'Etching and Etchers' is the best work on the subject. Henry C. Baird & Co., of Philadelphia, publish a 'Manual of Wood-Carving' by W. Bemrose, Jr. The price is \$3.]

No. 1035.—Is it right to add a syllable in pronouncing the possessive of proper names ending with an *s* or a *z* sound, as Holmes's, James's, Charles's, Alice's, Max's.

BLUE ISLAND, ILL.

M. McC.

[Yes; but if you are going to write a poem poetic license will warrant the omission of the final *s*, thus leaving only the apostrophe, which, of course is not sounded.]

No. 1036.—The following lines are said to have been found written on the back of a Confederate note, but are incomplete. Can anyone furnish the missing verse or verses?

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
In hopes to redeem on the morrow.

But the days became weeks and weeks became years
Yet our coffers were empty still,
Coins were so scarce that the Treasury quaked
When a dollar was dropped in the till.

We know it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it:
It gazed in our eyes with a 'promise to pay'
And every true soldier believed it.

Keep it: it tells all our history o'er,
From the birth of the dream to the last.
Modest and born of the angel hope,
Like our hope of success if passed!

ORANGE, N. J.

A. H. D.

A DEFINITE AMOUNT OF INSURANCE, Lowest Cash Rates, Plain Contract, Ample Security—such are the Special Advantages offered by THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever. So is Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.